

THE GREAT MYSTERY STORY---\$3,000 IN PRIZES TO THE WOMEN WHO SOLVE IT.

THE MILL OF SILENCE.

By
BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD OF \$3,000.

1. To the reader from whom the Journal receives by mail at its publication office, Nassau street, New York City, the most complete and correct solution in all its details of the entire mystery in "The Mill of Silence," as it shall be in the final chapter of the story in the Journal, the sum of \$3,000 will be paid. The entire sum of \$3,000 will be divided into 136 prizes, as follows:
FOR THE BEST SOLUTION, \$1,000.
FOR THE SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$500.
FOR THE THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$250.
FOR THE FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$100.
In awarding the prizes there will be no change in the above table either as respects the number of prizes given or the amount of each prize.

2. The Journal is pre-eminently a family newspaper, and its daily installment of a high-grade serial story is a feature intended specially to commend it to the home circle. To emphasize and advertise the fact that the Journal is a newspaper particularly suitable for women's reading, the further condition is made that the \$3,000 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations sent in by WOMEN and GIRLS. All may read, but only WOMEN and GIRLS may guess and win the \$3,000.
3. "The Mill of Silence" will continue in daily installments until Thursday, May 28, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between Thursday, May 28, and Friday, June 5, inclusive, will be allowed for the forwarding of guesses. For no reason whatever will guesses be received and considered after 5 o'clock p. m., Friday, June 5. The final installment of the story, disclosing the mystery, will be published in the Journal, Monday, June 8.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.
1. But ONE solution may be entered by any one reader.
2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "The Prize Story Editor, THE JOURNAL, Nassau street, New York City."
3. Inquiries not considered fully answered here will be answered in THE JOURNAL, if the inquiries are addressed to "The Prize Story Editor," and accompanied by a two-cent stamp or postal card.
4. The \$3,000 will be awarded under the conditions and rules here set forth, and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE JOURNAL, and these judges will have complete control and final decision beyond all appeal in all matters relating to this contest, and all "solutions" will be received and judged subject to this provision.
5. The guesses may be made in the reader's own words, in the English language, and without any attempt at "fine writing" and without calling attention to length—simply attempting to give as many facts and details as will make up "the most complete and correct solution," as called for in Condition No. 1. Guesses must disclose the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed necessary by the judges to a clear and full explanation of the mystery in its details.
6. Names and addresses of the winners of the \$3,000 in cash prizes will be published in THE JOURNAL at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined the awards.
7. No condition of term of subscription to THE JOURNAL is imposed. Guessers must be women and girls, and necessarily they must be readers of THE JOURNAL, but they may read the Journal taken by any member of the family and need not be regular subscribers themselves in order to enter the competition. While only women and girls may guess and win the prizes, they may receive help in their guessing from any or all members of the family.

A Supplement of the Journal containing the first seven chapters of "The Mill of Silence" will be mailed to any address upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Chapter 35.—One Sad Visitor.

The autumn of that year broke upon us with sobbing winds and wild, wet gusts of tempest laden with flying leaves. The air was never free from a rushing and whirling sound, as if all the misery of earth were sweeping Eastward.
It had been blowing in soft, iridescent caresses all one dark October day, and all day had I spent in the high woods that crown the gentle hills three or four miles to the northwest of the city.
Dusk crept upon me lingering, and still I lingered. The wind dropped with the coming of evening.
Gradually work shut in, and I must needs thread my way among the trees, while some little show of light remained. I did not wish to be belated in the dense thickets. It would not have troubled me greatly had this actually happened. To yield my tired limbs and weary soul to some bed of moss set in the heart of an antique wood seemed a blessed and most peaceful thing to do. But the old man awaiting me at home, and tither my duty must carry me.
I had traversed a darkling alley of leafage, treaded noiselessly on the spidery floor of it, and was coming out into a little lap of tree-enclosed lawn that I led to, when I stopped in a moment and drew myself back with a start.
Something was there before me—a fantastic moving shape, that footed the grass in a weird, sinuous dance of intricate poses and waving arms, and feet that hardly rustled on the dead leaves. It was all wild, weird, ineffably strange and unearthly. I felt as if the dead past were revealed to me, and that here I might lay down my burden and yield the poor residue of life to one last ecstasy.
Dipping, swaying, now here, now there, about the dusky plat of lawn; sometimes motionless for an instant, so that its drooping skirts and long, luscious hair made but the figure of its again, whirling with its dark tresses flung and whirling round to within a yard of where I was standing.
Then, in a loud, tremendous tone, I cried "Zyp!" and springing into the open.
She gave a shriek, craned her neck forward to gaze at me, and falling upon her knees at my feet, clasped her arms about me.
For a full minute we must have remained thus; and I heard nothing but the breathless panting of the girl's heart, and the low moan of the wind as it whirled about her head, rising and falling against me.
"Zyp," I whispered at last, "what are you doing here, in the name of heaven?"
"I wanted to see you, Renny. I have walked all the way from Southampton. Right came upon me as I was passing through the wood—and I couldn't help it—I couldn't help it."
"Rule mind daughter!"
"I'm so unhappy, Renny, poor Zyp is so unhappy!"

"To me—in the woods or the open fields? You forget who I am, Renny."
No insistence or argument on my part could avert her determination. Return she would, then and there.
"Well," I said at last, hopeless of shaking her, "how shall I convey the money to you?"
"Jason shall come and fetch it."
"Jason?"
"Yes! I can't leave the child again. Besides, it will be better for him to move and act than sit still always watching and waiting."
"Very well, then. Let him come when he likes. To-morrow I will get the money."
She came and took my hand and looked up in my face. "Good-by, you good man," she said, "give me one kiss, Renny."
I stooped and touched her cheek with my lips.
"That is for the hand I laid on the head of the old God bless my Zyp and the little one."
She backed from me a pace or two, with her dark eyes dreaming.
"Did you think I could ever be like this, Renny? I wonder if they will turn to us as they used?"

She dropped upon her knees before a little plant of yellow wood-violet that grew by the side of a tree. She caressed it, she murmured to it, she gave it a dozen fond names in the strangest of elfin language. It did not stir. It remained just a quiet, drowsy woodland thing.
"Ah!" she cried, leaping to her feet. "It's jealous of the baby. What do I care?" She gave it a little slap with her hand.
"Wake up, you sulky thing!" she cried. "I'm going to tell you something. There's no flower like my baby in all the world!"

Chapter XXXVI.—A Trip to London.

I walked home that night in a dream. I found my father sitting up for me amid the gusty lights and shadows of the old mill sitting room. He welcomed me with a joy that filled my heart with remorse at having left him so long alone.
"Did I?" I said, "I have seen Zyp."
He only looked at me in wonder.
"She was coming to implore my help to enable her and her husband to escape—to get away abroad somewhere."
"Escape? From what?"
"That man—my one-time friend—that I told you about. He has pursued them all the year with deadly hatred. Jason is half mad with terror of him, it seems."
My father's face grew white.
"He summoned his own Nemesis," he said. "What do you want—money?"
"Yes, I promised her what I could afford. To-morrow I must run up to London to raise it."
"On what security?"
"A mortgage, I suppose. I have some small investments in house property."
He mused a little while.
"It is better," he said, by and by, "to leave all that intact. We must part with another coin or so, Renny."
"If you think it best, father, I wouldn't for my soul go back from my promise."
"Will you take them up and negotiate the business? I grow feeble for these journeys."
"Of course I will, if you'll give me the necessary instructions."
He nodded.
"I'll have them ready for you to-morrow," he said.
Then for a long time he sat gazing gloomily on the floor.
"Where are they?" he said, suddenly.
"Zyp and Jason? At Southampton. She walked from there, and I met her in the woods Sparholt way; but, finding I couldn't let her have the money at once, she would come no further, but started on her way back again."
"How are you going to get the stuff to them, then?"
"Jason is coming here to fetch it."
He rose from his chair with startled eyes.
"Here? Coming here?" he cried. "Repeat! Don't bring him—don't let him!"
"Father?"
"He's a bad fellow—a wicked one! He'll drain us of all! What the Doctor's left he'll take! Don't let him come!"
"You will come to the mill, Zyp?"
"Not now; it is useless. I hear my baby calling, Renny."
"Walk back to Southampton."
"To-night?"
"Part of the way, at least. When I get tired I shall sleep."
"Sleep? Where?"
"Under some tree or bush. Where could I better?"
"Zyp! You mustn't. Anything might happen to you."
Her face took a flush of scorn.

"Remember, I am with you, to look after your interests—your peace—to defend you if necessary."
He only moaned again: "You don't know."
"I know this," I said, "that by Zyp's showing my brother is a broken man—helpless, demoralized—in a pitiable state altogether."
He seemed to prick his ears somewhat at that.

"Take these," he said; "they should bring \$5 apiece."
His instructions as to the disposal of the relics I need not dwell upon. Their con-signees, a highly respectable tradesman in his line, would no doubt consider any mention of his name a considerable breach of confidence. I have my own opinion as to the laws of treasure-trove, and he may have had his as to my father. It was a mutual accommodation transaction, and any

before the evening at earliest. I determined upon returning by an afternoon train that I might make a couple of visits that had been in my mind since I first knew I was to revisit London. One of these was to my old employer; the other to a dull and lonely cemetery out Battersea way, where a poor working girl lay at rest.
I found Ripley in his crate of an office and unfeignedly glad to see me.
"Sit down, sit down," he said, "I've altered your mind and are coming back?"
"I think not, sir."
"Nonsense! I want you! I'll tell you I want you badly. Trendelenburg is here. He's a man to base on your part, and and Strawa, to leave me in the lurch like that, for a mad, sensational reason that had nothing to do with business. It put me in a fairly awkward position. You owe me some compensation for it."
"I'm sorry for that, but I can't look back."
"Why not? Look here, there are thousands of typists in these pamphlets I want your assistance in—reports upon the proceedings of the 'United Order of Anarchists.'"
"How can there be an order of Anarchists?"
"Why not?"
"The creed opposed to every order. Mr. Ripley?—whose motto is or should be, 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.'"
"That's nonsense. Five hundred men may overthrow a wall if they push it altogether."
"Yes. And only the end man, perhaps, escape the destruction it carries with it."
"Meaning, I suppose, there is a Cromwell, designing to be king, at the head of every democratic movement."
"It wouldn't be a movement without him. Soldiers may be deadly plucky to a man, but they want a general to show them what to do. And what inspires the general? Patriotism—king—country? Only in a minor degree. Personal advancement in his breast."
"Your mind has been educated on the old narrow lines, my friend—justified running in a groove. There's no one so stupid of motives as your just judge."
"Then, sir, you must be an unjust judge. You would condemn without even a hearing."
"Not I. I leave it to the law-abidders to condemn themselves. Haven't they made a fashion of doing so the quarters of the law? Is life worth living in the negative? We'll take them at their word. We want the cultivated and the erudite out of the way; a world of materialists, bent on fight for survival and build up cleanly, for the first time, on the first."
"I'm not equal to the task. It seems simpler to me, and much more convenient, to reform the old."
"Reform, reform, reform! The whine of degeneration. 'Trender! There are two principal aggressive elements in life—fire and water. No amount of the latter will make sap in dead wood. Better give it over to the other."
We parted on good terms. Whatever were his convictions, Ripley had the courage of them, and he was a just man in his dealings and a generous one.



"Zyp," I whispered at last, "what are you doing here, in the name of Heaven?"

"If he must come," he said, "if he must come, watch him—glad him under—never let him think for an instant that he keeps the room door open for him."
"He shall never have cause to claim that, father."
He spoke no more, but crept to his room presently and left me pondering his words far into the night.
Later on, as I lay awake in bed, I heard his room door open softly and the sound of his footsteps on the stairs. This, however, being no unfamiliar experience with us, I did not care for it.
In the morning at breakfast he handed me a couple of ancient gold coins.

prick of conscience, if there were such, need not be ours, at least. When, armed with my father's warranty, I visited this amiable "receiver"—as no doubt in his old moments he considered himself to be—I found him to be an austere-looking but pleasant gentleman, with an evident enthusiasm for the scholarly side of his business. He gave me the precious father had mentioned, bowed me in the door, with a faint blush, I thought, as of being found out in the perpetration of an ambiguous action.

It was so early in the day by the time I had finished my business that, deeming it not possible that Jason could reach the mill

NOW FOR PIAZZA FITTINGS.

The Present Subject of the Summer Home Maker's Thoughts.

New Things in the Line of Settees, Cushions, Screens, Tables and the Like.

An adept in the art of furnishing Summer cottages remarks that if the windows are properly draped and the piazzas and porches properly arrayed the mistress need concern herself very little over the rest of the house. In the season when one lives out of doors the question of chairs, tables and bookcases for indoor use is naturally a rather unimportant one. Settees, awnings, portable tea tables and the like are the subjects of more interest. Pillows which shall be at once waterproof and pretty and similar themes are of more vital interest than drawing room portieres, and the right-minded Summer furnisher does not allow her thoughts to stray further indoors than the window curtains. They, being really a background to the piazza, must receive more or less attention. Window draperies this season are a subject to inspire artists and poets, so dainty are they. Of course all Summer windows must have holland shades to exclude the noonday glare of the sun, unless they happen to be fitted with Venetian blinds. Green shades, though perhaps not quite so beautiful in themselves as some others, are admirable for Summer use, because of the cool and delicate quality of light which filters through them. But the muslin draperies which fall from the top of the window to the sill or to the floor, as the case may be, are charming enough to make up for any amount of unattractiveness on the part of the shades.
Dotted muslin and swiss the housewife has always with her, and they are delightfully pretty. They are both trimmed with ruffles, the muslin ones hanging limp and graceful and the swiss one being pretty stiff and duted in appearance. They are held back either by bands of the same material made with buttonholes that fasten over a hook at the side of the window sash or by heavy cords. Ribbons are out of fashion.
Dimities delicately striped and striped alskotte with delicate vine traceries or with scattered, blurred blossoms, wide-meshed fish net and flower-strewn China silk, are used with charming results. The longer the fall of the folds, the more graceful the result obtained. Therefore, half draperies, veiling only the lower part of the window, are not so desirable as the full length ones.
For the fitting out of the Summer piazza there are delightfully comfortable and pretty things designed. Big easy chairs and tables made of coarse straw, settees and stools covered in India matting, in

denims and in all sorts of inexpensive, durable and brilliant materials, are seen, as well as the old-fashioned willow and bamboo.

The main object of the piazza furnisher's labor is to mass as much brilliant color as possible. Cushions of India red, benches and lounges painted to match, startling objects in mustard yellow and orange, with here and there something cool and relieving to the eye in blue, are among the color effects achieved by bold outdoor artists. Jardinieres of deep, rich color, holding palms and ferns which give coolness to the vivid collection, are placed wherever there is room for them. Hangings of startling colors are swung and gay awnings or Japanese bead or bamboo portieres render a certain amount of outdoor privacy possible.

CHIFFON.

Silk shirt waists, showing white linen collars, have appeared. Every variety of the material, from heavy white cord to a satin stripe to the thinnest wash silk, is used.

Monkey skin, clasped with a miniature set in gold, makes one of the latest belts. Heretofore clasps of the sort have been confined to ribbon and silk, but some fresh design seems to spring into life each week.

Pie skin, too, has been added to the list. The popular color is a pinkish tan, and the clasp a jeweled one.

More novel than either, however, is embroidery of colored beads on a foundation of silk canvas. These are finished with a delicate clasp of gold, and are accompanied by chateausque bags made of the same material.

Grass linen lawn is being honored as seldom falls to simple stuffs. Some recent waists show elaborate embroidery in colored silks and tinsel braids. They are made over silk foundations and have belts and collars of satin ribbon.

To be correct the belt and the bust match. Colored leathers supply almost endless variety, and one has only to buy with discretion to acquire a series of fetching combinations.

Stock collars of plicated white Brussels net, finished with delicate vine traceries or with scattered, blurred blossoms, wide-meshed fish net and flower-strewn China silk, are used with charming results. The longer the fall of the folds, the more graceful the result obtained. Therefore, half draperies, veiling only the lower part of the window, are not so desirable as the full length ones.

The shirt waist appears to know no limit in the matter of variations. The last to appear is a blouse, with a sailor collar, composed of wide tucks and tucked puffs that extend to the elbow below which the sleeve is plain.

The wise prove and the foolish confess by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth leading."

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

For Once They Are as Comfortable as They Are Chic and Pretty.

Little Girls and Little Boys Will Look Pretty and Feel Happy This Summer.

Children are the only human beings for whose physical well-being in Summer the modistes have the slightest regard. Consequently there is no excuse whatever for the mother who clothes her small sons and daughters in garments that are not comfortable. When the dressmaker has permitted peace it is distinctly unnatural for a mother to enforce discomfort. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should organize a department for investigating the cases of little girls who are required to wear high collars, and big girls whose bodies fit tightly during dog days. For there is no excuse for these barbarities in times when Mme. Fashion is lenient and smiles upon the young.

Little boys are not so fortunate as little girls in this respect. When urchins are clad in loose affairs they do not look quite so pretty as their sisters. Still the lad who has only recently been promoted to trousers may wear with the sanction of high sartorial authorities very loose knickerbockers gathered in a bloomer, with a band below the knee. This style is permitted only with a long blouse that falls to the wearer's hips and is belted at his waist. Suits fashioned after this design are made of linen and galatea cloth.

Boys who have not yet reached the dignified age demanding bifurcated garments wear full kilted or gathered skirts buttoned on to blouses of abnormal length, which give the youthful wearers the appearance of having a waist line in the middle of their stomachs. The same sort of frock is also made for very little misses, and they wear washes in the region of the dividing line between skirt and bodice.

For girls between four and twelve there is one length of dress which is perfect in its simplicity, its comfort and its prettiness. It is made with a yoke, straight, round or pointed, as individual taste directs, on which is gathered a full, unbelted frock. There is no stiffer or more binding collar than a soft, narrow ruffle at the neck. The sleeves are full from shoulder to waist, and there they are gathered into a neat wristband. The gowns may be as daintily made as possible, with lace, embroidery, tucks, ribbon and insertion, or they may be models of severity and made of gingham, with no other trimming than rows of feather stitching.

Some charming little frocks made after this style are of fine ecru grass linen. The yokes are trimmed with frills of white and ecru embroidery, and the sleeves are named "cantal" for the shoulders.

Knits of rose pink ribbon with long stream-

FABRIC TOMATOES.

Take eight medium-sized firm tomatoes; cut a hole on the top of each and scoop out the inside; chop an onion, put it in a saucepan on the fire, with an ounce of butter, to simmer gently; when slightly colored add six ounces of bread crumbs, which you have soaked in water and then pressed until nearly free from moisture; a dozen chopped mushrooms, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of salt, pepper, and thyme chopped fine; a little red pepper and four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce. Mix all well together and fill



into a crown and wide brim, and a rosette of baby ribbons finishes the hat. Sun bonnets of dainty colors and thin materials are also popular for little girls this Summer.

THE PAPRICA FAD.

Paprika, a sweet Hungarian red pepper, is the latest fad of the epicure. So devoted is he to its peculiar flavor that he carries an individual pepper grinder with him wherever he goes.

At many of the downtown restaurants it is no uncommon sight nowadays to see a man produce from his inside pocket a tiny pepper grinder and solemnly sprinkle over his food paprika. The pepper is nowhere near as biting as the ordinary red pepper, but has a peculiarly sweet and yet sharp taste, declared by its devotees to be unequalled.

"Conscience is the name that the orthodox give their prejudices."

THE PAPRICA FAD.

Brushes need daily baths and daily air treatments as well as their owners. They should never be left uncovered on the toilet table to collect dust and germs. After they have been used they should be knocked on the back to dislodge any dust which clings to them. Then they should be placed on a window sill for sun and air. Once a week they should be dipped into a basin of warm water and soda.

Inside of your tomatoes. Sprinkle the tops of each with bread crumbs and a little melted butter. Send them to the oven, and when colored a light brown on top serve with a tomato sauce around them.

For the sauce put in a saucepan an ounce of raw ham, a carrot, an onion, very little thyme, a bayleaf, two cloves, a clove of garlic and half an ounce of butter. Simmer for ten minutes; add an ounce of flour well mixed in half a pint of tomatoes and a glass of consommé stock. Boil for half an hour; season with a little salt, pepper, a very little nutmeg; strain and serve.

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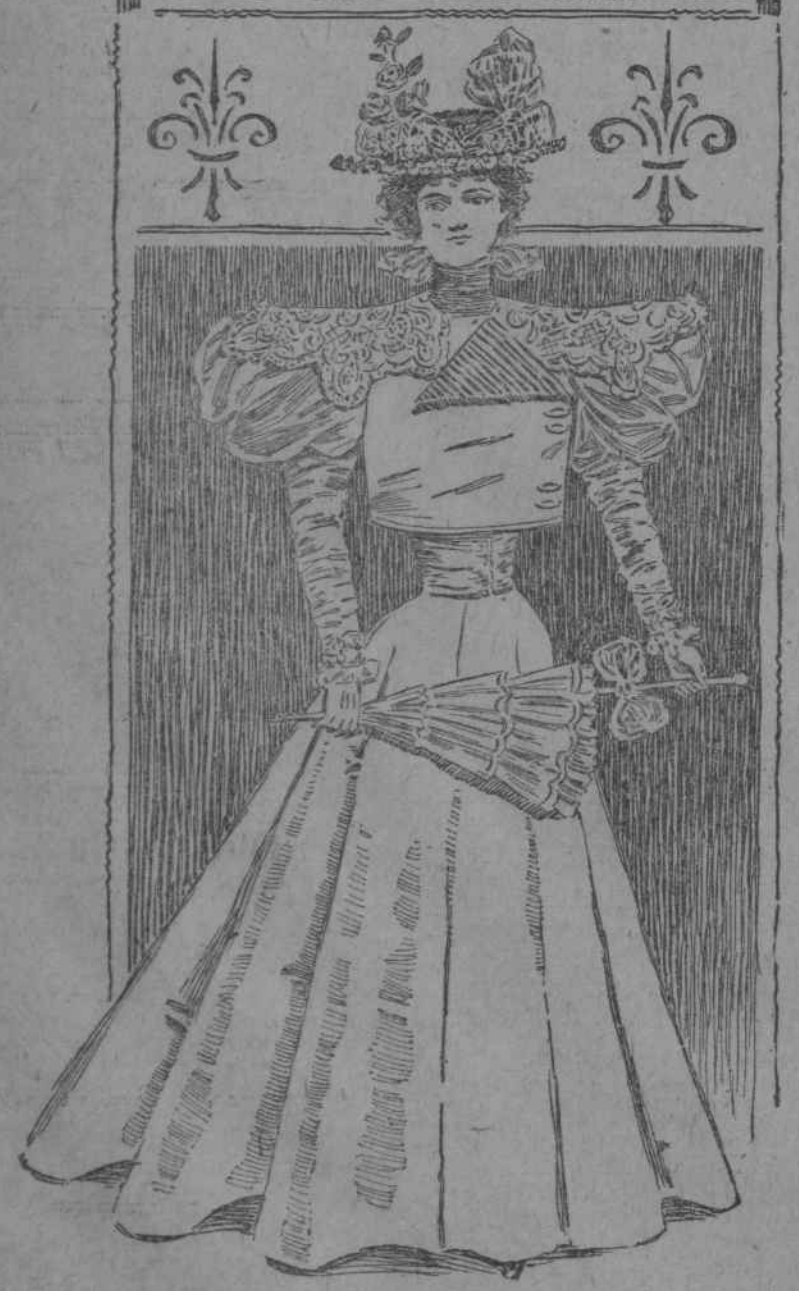
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IS IT BOX GOAT, ETON OR REEFER?

The materials employed in the manufacture of this frock are leaf green cloth, silk of the same color and grass linen embroidered in black. The skirt has a broad box pleat in front, side plaits on each side and the customary quota of plaits in the back. The bodice is of silk, shirred into a tight corset, beneath a yoke of silk under the linen. The sleeves are of the wrinkled, mosquito-net variety, beneath shoulder puffs. The sleeveless jacket is as short as the Eton jacket, has a loose front like a box coat, and fastens in a double-breasted effect like a reefer. A very broad sailor collar of the linen extends over the shoulders of the bodice. A shirred stock finishes the neck and the bodice and shows above the jacket.